Immune to Crime

by wjmooon

Summary

Local criminal Lee Hangyul meets a man who claims to be immune to crime, and it flips his whole world upside down.

Notes

I hope this makes you laugh a lot!!! Thank you for taking the time to read!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hangyul didn’t consider himself to be just any criminal. Don’t get him wrong, he knew what he was, but Hangyul had a deep understanding of the animal world, and the city was just another jungle — untamed and unfiltered. One could not judge a tiger for taking from the bullfrog, or something like that, and he was the tiger and everyone else were bullfrogs. Green, bouncy bullfrogs with fat pockets full of swamp treasures.

It was midnight, and he was on the move — the prowl. Dressed in black with his hood up and a mask concealing the lower half of his face, he was a modern day ninja or at the very least a parkour enthusiast. He blended in with the shadows unless he crossed under a streetline, or too near a neon side, or in front of lit storefront. Honestly speaking, sneaking around at night in the middle of the city wasn’t as easy as he thought it would be. It wasn’t like coming home late in a residential area growing up, checking over his shoulder anytime so much as a stray cat made a noise. No, times for
low level street urchins such as himself were hard, and everyone lived in stupid apartments. Who was he supposed to rob out where the homes were, single moms? Grannies? He may have been a tiger, but he wasn’t an animal. No, his target was much more rewarding and probably forgivable: drunk college kids and exhausted office workers. Or drunk, exhausted office workers. All he had to do was separate the second weakest from the pack (because the weakest-weakest always had to pay for the strongest’s drinks) and strike.

But it was getting close to midnight, and he hadn’t found anyone to rob yet. People were so inconsiderate. Did they think he wanted to wait around all night while the temperature dropped? Like he didn’t have anything better to do? He had hobbies. He had dreams. How was he supposed to get to do any of them if he didn’t hurry up and rob people?! He was getting fed up, and it was getting later than he liked to be out. It was dangerous by oneself at night.

But then he saw him. He was tall and broad shouldered, but his legs were too long to cause any trouble. Long-legged people were typically too busy being tall to notice danger lurking behind them. The perfect mark.

He quickened his pace, determined to sneak up on him before he got away, but his new squeaky shoes had other ideas.

With every step, he sounded more and more like he was stepping on a cartoon mouse, and he was a half a second from kicking them off and tiptoeing towards him barefooted when the man stopped and turned around.

“Are you following me,” he asked, his hands on his hips like a scolding father, and Hangyul’s eyes darted away, ready to offer up an apology. **No, damn it! I will not back down!**

“Yeah,” he said defiantly. “What are you gonna do about it?”

“I don’t know, man, did you need something?”

“Yeah, give me your money,” Hangyul said, stepping forward and brandishing a pair of scissors.

“What, are you going to give me a haircut if I don’t,” the target chuckled, infuriating Hangyul. This was serious business. How dare he laugh at him?

“No, I’m robbing you,” he said, jabbing them forward in a thrusting motion. “Give me your wallet.”

“No,” he laughed. “Why would I do that?”

“What do you mean ‘no’,” he said, pulling down his mask in frustration. “I’m robbing you!”

“Oh, no, you can’t do that. I’m immune to crime.”

“You’re what?”

“Yeah, sorry,” he shrugged. “Better luck next time.”

He turned around and walked off like nothing had happened. Like he wasn’t being robbed or anything. Like they were just two strangers who happened to have a friendly chat next to a 7-Eleven in the middle of the night. Well Hangyul wasn’t having it. “Hey! Come back here!”

The stranger’s legs moved in long strides that were hard to keep up with, and he didn’t seem to mind the frantic squeaking that followed close behind from Hangyul’s footsteps.
Hangyul watched him turn and go into a shop, and he knew he had him. All he had to do was wait for him to come out, and he could ambush him. But then a part of him wanted to confront him. A part of him had a lot of questions starting with what, how, why, and who to start. So against his plan, he stormed in after him.

“Hey, squeaky shoes, you want the bar or a table,” an old man wearing a pageboy cap over a balding head shouted at him, startling him. Hangyul lowered his hood to be polite, exposing his face to the harsh fluorescents.

“I’m just following someone,” he said. “Did you see a guy come in here? Kinda tall? Nose like a math question?”

“Ah, yeah, him. I sat him in a booth towards the back,” he said, going back to his card game. “Help yourself.”

Hangyul bowed politely and forced a smile. This was the worst robbery of his life. It was even worse than the time that one mark nailed him in the face with a small can of hairspray. He didn’t even spray it, he just smacked him in the face with it leaving a huge lump on his forehead.

But this time would be different. This time he would leave with this weird guy’s wallet. After he finished his dinner, he guessed, but he did not appreciate the sudden deduction.

He turned the corner and found him, but he didn’t even have the common decency to look up when he greeted him.

“Oh there you are,” the stranger said.

“You were expecting me?” Hangyul asked quietly, surprised. He looked over his shoulder with caution. Was he being recruited for some underground guild of thieves? He was too pretty to have to live in a sewer for the rest of his life.

“No, I heard you coming,” he said, eyes drifting down to his feet. Hangyul shuffled uncomfortably with a light squeak.

He winced. “Right.”

“How are you supposed to rob people if you can’t sneak up on them?”

“They’re new,” he said, defending his shoes.

“Well they’re a nice pair of squeakers – ah – I mean sneakers,” the stranger said with an annoying pleased grin that reminded Hangyul of an airplane.

“Shut up,” he said. “At least I didn’t leave the house in my ugly ass bedroom shoes.”

“These are Gucci,” he said unfazed.

“Oh, really? Give them to me.”

“No, you just said they were ugly,” he said.

Hangyul looked at him, his mouth thinning. This guy really was immune to crime. This was as puzzling as it was frustrating.

“Well don’t just stand there,” he said after Hangyul glared at him for too long, gesturing towards the seat across from him. Hangyul sat down, not because he wanted to, but because he wanted answers.
“Who are you,” he asked, his voice low and cautious.

“Seungwoo,” he answered plainly and looked off into the distance. “How are you supposed to order here if no one is working.”

“No, like who do you work for,” he said, shaking his head.

“Citibank,” he said with the least amount of interest. “But I don’t see how that’s any of your business.”

Hangyul was even more confused. “What, like in security?”

“No, I’m a teller.”

“How can a teller afford Gucci bedroom shoes?”

“They’re loafers, and they were a gift,” he said offended. “I can see how you wouldn’t understand what that is.”

“What is that supposed to mean,” Hangyul asked, offended.

“It means you’re too rude to have friends,” he said.

“I have friends!”

“Oh yeah? Name three.”

“I– can’t give you their names. That could compromise their secret criminal activities,” Hangyul said, folding his arms over his chest.

Seungwoo hummed like he was listening, but Hangyul doubted it. “You hungry, Mr. No Friends?”

“Hangyul,” he said, annoyed. “My name is Hangyul. Han. Gyul.”

“Hangyul,” he repeated, taking it in. “Are you hungry, Hangyul?”

“No, save your money.”

“That’s considerate of you.”

“It’s because I’m going to steal it later.”

“Why would you bother stealing money that I’m going to feed you with,” he pointed out. “Wouldn’t you buy food with it anyways?”

“No, I’m going to buy something cool,” he insisted. “Like a solid gold watch.”

Seungwoo shook his head. “I don’t have enough money to buy a watch. I only have money for dumplings. Speaking of…”

He craned his neck, searching for the elusive waiter.

“You’re wearing Gucci.”

“I told you they were a gift,” he reminded him before speaking quietly to himself, distracted. “Should I go back up to the front and ask…”
“Who has enough money to give you bedroom shoes, your girlfriend? Boyfriend?” He asked, feeling more frustrated by the second.

“I don’t have a boyfriend,” he said, not really paying attention. “I got them from my sister.”

“Okay, I’ll just rob her instead then,” Hangyul grumbled.

“You can’t. She’s immune.”

Hangyul exhaled sharply. Before he could say anything, Seungwoo finally spotted a waiter and waved them down, too hungry to care that Hangyul said he wanted to rob his sister.

“I’ll have the dumplings, please,” he said sweetly, not at all like someone who had been waiting unserved for a long amount of time. “And nothing for my friend here. He’s not hungry.”

“I like dumplings,” Hangyul grumbled to himself, his stomach suddenly empty and needy.

“Two orders then,” he said with a smile.

“We’re not friends,” Hangyul said after the waiter was out of earshot.

“Okay,” he smiled, taking out his phone.

“Just so we’re clear.”

“Mhm,” he tilted his phone to the side and took out a pair of airpods from his pocket, slipping them into his ears.

“You have airpods,” he said, flabbergasted. “Unbelievable. How do you have airpods? Excuse me? Are you even listening to me?”

He knocked on the table to get his attention. Seungwoo looked up at him in surprise before taking one of the pods out. “Sorry, I couldn’t hear you. I was wearing my airpods.”

“Yeah, I can see that. How can you afford those if you don’t have any money?”

“Because I have a job,” he said as if that was the obvious answer. “You’ve heard of those haven’t you?”

“I have a job,” Hangyul glared. “Being a criminal means I have lots of jobs.”

“And tell me, do you have to go to school to be a criminal?”

“Only if you want to work in politics,” he said.

Soon the food came, and Hangyul felt weird sharing this guy’s dumplings even though he had no problem trying to take his wallet. Food was different. You couldn’t save food like a trophy without it rotting away on the shelf. That wasn’t what the life was about. It was about taking someone else’s possessions and making them his. It was a simple give and take except he didn’t know how he felt about the give.

But Seungwoo didn’t care. He was too busy burning his tongue on a filling he was too impatient to wait for to cool off. How could someone look so happy while in so much pain? Hangyul took a dumpling out of the basket for himself and held it up in the air, still not sure if he should take a bite.
and actually accept something without taking it.

But first his answers.

“Listen, I came here because I need to know something. What do you mean you’re immune to crime?”

Seungwoo hissed from the burst of steam against his teeth and scowled at the pain. “I mean I’m immune.”

“How can you be ‘immune’?”

“It’s simple, really,” he said, setting the torn dumpling down on a small plate. “Crime doesn’t work on me.”

“What about identity theft,” he pointed out. “No one is safe from identity theft.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” he said. “I’m not in the system.”

Hangyul was getting even more frustrated. “What do you mean you’re not in the system? You were born weren’t you?”

Seungwoo shook his head. He pulled out his wallet and opened it up revealing an absence of credit cards and a few measly bills. “What are they going to take? My bus fare? That’s what I have you for.”

Hangyul huffed. “But you’re immune to that too.”

“See, you’re catching on,” he winked. “Are you going to eat that?”

“Huh? Oh, right,” he said, taking a bite of the too hot dumpling, burning his tongue and forgetting that he didn’t want to accept his food. Seungwoo was strange, and he didn’t like the feeling he was getting in the bottom of his stomach like he had faced a trickster god and lost. He was going to have to prove for himself that Seungwoo was, indeed, not immune to crime.

It took him a few days to find him again. He waited at the same spot every night for him to walk by, and he was so busy waiting that he forgot to rob anyone. If he didn’t find him soon, he was never going to make his rent for the month. Plus it was getting cold, and he didn’t like being out in the cold all night when he wasn’t breaking the law. That was like the single reason he would ever be outside at night in the cold at all in the first place. He wouldn’t even wait in line for popular item releases because he could just steal them.

He was beginning to think it was a waste of time when he finally saw him walking up the street towards him in a long billowy beige coat looking like a warm cappuccino. Hangyul shook himself. He had really been out in the cold for too long. He secured the scarf around his neck and ducked into the shadows to wait for him to pass by.

Once he was far enough ahead, Hangyul followed him. They walked for a few blocks before Seungwoo sat down at a bus stop. He didn’t want to take the bus, but he guessed he had no choice since he had already come this far.

The bus pulled up, and he saw Seungwoo get up so it was time to move. He let the older enter first before he sneaked on, careful not to be seen. He got on and searched for a seat or a space to stand in
the back when the driver cleared his throat. He looked up in surprise and realized he was supposed to pay.

Embarrassed, he paid and slipped to the back, and luckily, Seungwoo was too busy on his phone to notice he was there. He found a spot to sit right behind him close enough to hear the music coming from his earphones.

Too much time passed, and he wondered if they were going to end up on the opposite side of town. He didn’t sign up to spend the whole night on the bus going back and forth like he didn’t have purses to snatch. All he could do was stare at the back of his head and wait for him to do something, and then he started to move. His head slumped against the window and bounced against the glass as the bus hit a pothole. Hangyul rolled his eyes.

“You’re going to get a concussion if you sleep like that,” he said under his breath. He watched Seungwoo’s head hit the window a few more times before he had had enough. He reached up to his neck and loosened his scarf that he had snatched from a display table in front of a shop a while ago. He pulled it loose and stuffed it between Seungwoo’s head and the glass before slumped in his seat annoyed. “Great. Now my neck is cold. Hope you’re happy.”

More time passed, and he was beginning to feel anxious. What if Seungwoo missed his stop? It was going to be really hard for him to get home if he was left stranded. He had to do something. But he had to be super low key about it. He had to wake him up in a way that wouldn’t make him turn around.

So he placed his head on the back of Seungwoo’s seat to hide his face, reached up to find the fabric of his scarf, and yanked, pulling the scarf out from under him and flinging Seungwoo’s neck so far he was sure he gave him whiplash. He heard a surprised sound in the seat ahead, but he didn’t seem to register what had woken him. Good, he thought.

Eventually they got to Seungwoo’s stop, and he carefully followed him off the bus. But he never once looked back to see if anyone was behind him.

He followed him down the street to a multilevel home, and it seemed that Seungwoo lived in the bottom level based on the fact that he knew the door code. Hangyul hid in the dark and watched as all the lights in the home turned on, and Seungwoo opened the curtains wide before disappearing again. A few moments later he returned in a white shirt and sweatpants and plopped down on a couch to watch tv. This gave Hangyul an idea. He was going to find a crime that Seungwoo wasn’t immune to.

He skipped his normal robber route and took the bus directly to Seungwoo’s home where he waited for him in the shadows. His routine, he soon learned, was pretty uninteresting for such a mysterious (and handsome) stranger. Sometimes he ordered food, but mostly he just sat on the couch doing nothing all night out in the open where anyone could see before he went to bed, sometimes forgetting to turn the lights off which was not only careless, but it was hazardous for the environment, Hangyul guessed.

It would have been super easy to just break in and burglarize the place in theory, but if he was honest, he wasn’t a fan of residential break ins. They were too unpredictable, and modern day security systems were too advanced for a one man job and part of his whole shtick was that he worked alone. Partners complicated things. Plus Dohyon was busy in kiddy-jail doing hard time for lifting a box of Peppero from a late night convenience store. Hangyul tried to warn him to cut back on the sweets, but Dohyon had a sticky tooth that rivaled his sticky fingers. And Hangyul wasn’t
trying to go to jail. The criminals in there were much bigger and scarier than he was. He may have been dumb, but he wasn’t stupid.

No, he wasn’t going to break into Seungwoo’s home while there were still plenty of other crimes to commit.

One night as he crouched in the bushes watching Seungwoo in his own living room, he had a sudden realization.

“Aha!” He said to himself. “This is a crime! Stalking is a crime! He’s not immune!”

It only took a few days of waiting to figure out that he wasn’t immune to crime, and he was about to march up and ring his doorbell and tell him this new information when Seungwoo peered out the window and waved with a big smile.

Hangyul looked back, eyes wide. He pointed to himself and mouthed me before looking back behind him at the shrub he was pressed against. He ducked his head and rolled away out of sight, cursing Seungwoo’s weird super power as he tumbled off into the night.

The next night he returned to his hiding place and waited. Seungwoo resumed his nightly activities as Hangyul planned his next crime quietly.

“What kind of crimes can I commit against him,” he wondered. “Murder’s a crime. Wait, that’s too far. What about grand larceny? No, I can’t go inside. If I punch him, that’s probably a crime, but then I would risk cutting my hand on his nose. What if I vandalize his front door? No, that would be a crime against his landlord. At most, Seungwoo would just be inconvenienced. God, he is immune.”

For weeks he waited every night to commit the perfect crime, and one night, a different shady guy dressed in black approached Seungwoo’s apartment and peered in with his eyes on the goods inside.

“Move it along buddy,” Hangyul said. “This mark is taken.”

“Dude, I’m just looking,” he said. “Can’t a guy take a gander?”

“This isn’t a department store,” he said. “If I catch you in this neighborhood again, I’m taking your shoes.”

“My shoes?”

“Yeah, and they’re not even Gucci,” Hangyul scoffed. “Get out of here.”

He shooed the other robber away who left looking over his shoulder shocked that he had been booted from a boost, but Seungwoo was Hangyul’s mark and he was going to come home soon so Hangyul had to hurry up and hide again.

It was getting cold, and Seungwoo was late. He was beginning to worry that something had happened to him. What if he got mugged and didn’t have the money to get home? Did people not have any decency anymore? To leave a poor man stranded on the wrong side of town? He wouldn’t stand for it. What were the police even doing besides sitting around their stations drinking coffee or giving out parking tickets? Who was supposed to protect the people? Who was supposed to protect Seungwoo? Hangyul certainly couldn’t, he was busy trying to rob his house.

He was just about to put out a BOLO for his lost target, when he saw a familiar frame approaching in the distance bundled in extra layers looking surprisingly cozy in the frigid weather that chilled Hangyul to the bone. He slipped back into the shadows before he could see him lingering outside of
his house and watched Seungwoo let himself inside.

He watched him flip on the lights and remove layer after layer, tossing the clothing onto his couch like he owned the place until he was down to a sweater.

“It must be warm in there,” Hangyul grumbled bitterly. As he watched him intensely from the shadows, he felt something cold brush the tip of his nose. He looked up and saw little flakes of snow sprinkling to the ground, and he might have been touched if he didn’t have an important job to do. He shivered, frozen to the bone and pissed off that Seungwoo was enjoying the warmth of his fancy furnished home with his television and his blankets. Hangyul had had enough. He was going to take his tv and never come back.

When he looked back down from the falling snow, Seungwoo was gone. He was sure he had been sitting on the couch only a second before, and he craned his neck around to look, but he couldn’t find him.

“Hey! Robin Hood!” a voice called out. “You want some cocoa?”

Hangyul saw Seungwoo sticking his head out from his front door looking right at him.

“Me?” Hangyul cried back.

“Come inside before you catch a cold!”

Seungwoo went back into his home, and Hangyul looked around, unsure of what he was supposed to do. On one hand, he had been thwarted once again, but on the other it was freezing outside and he liked hot cocoa. He shoved his hands in his pockets, the exposed fingertips already numb and huddled against the snow as he walked across the street to Seungwoo’s.

The door was unlocked, and he hesitated a moment, but it was probably fine. He was allowed inside, and if he wasn’t allowed inside then he would be trespassing which was, in fact, a crime. It was the perfect crime because Seungwoo would not be immune to trespassing. He opened the door and stepped in, smugly smiling to himself.

“Do you like marshmallows in yours?” Seungwoo called out from the kitchen. Hangyul winced. He had been invited. This guy was good. He was too good.

“No,” Hangyul lied, still bitter.

“Are you sure?” He called out.

“Okay, fine,” he said. He took off his shoes to keep from tracking mud onto the floor and stood awkwardly not sure where he was supposed to go.

“Make yourself comfortable,” Seungwoo called out, and he jumped.

“Can he see me,” he mumbled cautiously as he walked into the living room, getting to know the layout from the inside just in case he felt like lifting something on his way out. He sat down on the couch, but the open window made him nervous so he got up and pulled the curtains closed shut so that no one could watch from the outside. Wouldn’t want anyone to get any ideas about robbing the place. Except for him, of course.

“I found some whipped cream,” Seungwoo called out. “You like whipped cream, don’t you?”

“Sure,” Hangyul said back. He wasn’t exactly paying attention, too focused on all the pieces of
Seungwoo placed around the apartment from happy framed photos to little trophies from his past. He was athletic, smart, close to his family, and immune to crime. He was a threat.

“Make yourself at home,” Seungwoo said, walking in with a couple of mugs of hot chocolate. One mug was topped with a mountain of mini-marshmallows that melted into a sugary amalgamation and the other had a swirl of whipped cream that he had taken the time to dust over a bit of cocoa powder to make it extra special.

“Thanks,” Hangyul said, taking a mug for himself. It was too hot to the touch, and he almost spilled the cocoa all over the place which would have been particularly embarrassing seeing as how he needed to prove to Seungwoo that he was a dangerous criminal and not someone who ran around spilling hot sugary beverages onto someone’s throw rug.

“Careful, it's hot,” Seungwoo warned as Hangyul raised the mug to his mouth. Determined to not listen, he burned his lips and hissed. Seungwoo winced sympathetically and leaned over to blow over the surface to cool it down for him, and Hangyul was hit in the face with the faint scent of peppermint that completely took him by surprise. *Is that his breath?!* Unless he had an addiction to chewing gum, there was no way his breath could smell like peppermint. That was impossible.

He leaned in towards him to be sure, sniffing inconspicuously. His eyes lingered on Seungwoo’s mouth, waiting for him to chew or swallow or something, mere inches away from his face.

“Yes?” Seungwoo said, knocking him out of it.

“Oh!” Hangyul blinked, his face flushing a light pink. “I was just seeing if you–.”

“If I what?”

“If you were chewing gum,” he said.

“If I was, were you going to try to steal it,” Seungwoo asked, surprised.

“What?!” The heat ran up Hangyul’s neck faster that he could stop it. He needed to find somewhere to sit that hot cocoa down fast so he could pull his coat off. *Wow, it's getting warm in here.* “No! You just smell like toothpaste. Can I have a coaster?”

“Ah, sure,” Seungwoo said, actually looking like he wasn’t in control for once.

“Thanks,” Hangyul said, setting down his mug and immediately pulling off the layers that threatened to suffocate him.

“Is the furnace too high?” Seungwoo asked, ever accommodating.

“No! It’s fine! I’m just… just… I’ve just been outside for a while,” he said, embarrassed.

“How long were you out there this time?”

“This time?” Hangyul gaped. “What do you mean this time?”

Seungwoo, relaxed in his armchair, sipped from his cocoa calmly. “I see you have left your life of crime.”

“I did not,” he said, appalled that someone would ever accuse him of such a thing. “I was committing lots of crimes! Like stalking!”

“It’s not stalking if I don’t mind you following me,” Seungwoo pointed out.
“What about burglary!”

“This is the first time you’ve been in here,” he said.

“How do you know that?”

“Because I’m sure you would have known where the coasters were,” Seungwoo said.

“How would a burglar know where the coasters are in anyone’s house,” he scoffed.

“Because I keep them on top of the laptop.”

Hangyul huffed, feeling a new headache approach. “First of all, why would you keep the coasters on
the laptop, and second, why would you assume that a burglar would need to steal a computer?”

“Because the napkins are on the xbox, and what else would you have to steal? You know I don’t
have any money, and I already told you you can’t have my shoes.”

“Maybe I don’t want your shoes. Or your xbox. Or your laptop,” Hangyul grumbled.

“What do you want then?”

“I want to prove that you’re not really immune to crime,” he said, frustrated.

“You can’t,” Seungwoo said.

“Why not?”

“Because I am immune.”

“That’s impossible,” Hangyul said. “Crime can happen to anyone!”

“Not to me,” he said. “But I don’t understand why you’ve insisted on waiting out in the cold all by
yourself this whole time. You’re going to get sick.”

“Where else am I supposed to wait, it’s not like I can just come in here and lurk all afternoon,” he
said. “I don’t even know the door code.”

“You need a door code to come into someone’s house?” Seungwoo asked, surprised. “Are you a
burglar or a vampire?”

Hangyul glared. “It’s impolite.”

“Well fine, but don’t blame me when you catch a cold,” Seungwoo grumbled.

“I’m not going to get sick. I’m a professional,” he said before a loud sneeze that almost knocked his
whipped cream mountain off.

Seungwoo raised his eyebrow.

“Don’t…” Hangyul warned.

The next thing he knew he was tucked into a stranger’s bed, arms glued to his side from an almost
industrial like fold of blankets around him. There was a damp cloth on his forehead, a swipe of vapor
rub on his chest, and a box of tissues just in reach if he could only get one of his hands free to grab it.
“You can’t do this to me!” Hangyul shouted, his nose stuffy. “I won’t give in!”

“Nighty night,” Seungwoo said, turning off the light and closing the door behind him, leaving Hangyul alone in the dark.

“Come back here!” He called out. “I’m a hardened criminal! I deserve some respect!”

“Good night!” He shouted from the other room.

If Hangyul could have moved his arms, he would have folded them across his chest and huffed. He wasn’t a child. He was a grown, dangerous man.

“I’m gonna steal all of his bowls,” Hangyul grumbled. “Hey, Siri?”

His phone beeped in response.

“Play Hurt by EXO.”

If he was going to suffer, he was going to need his sad boy playlist.

The next day he woke up sometime in the middle of the day judging by the sunlight that spilled into the bedroom. He felt exposed without proper curtains hiding him from intruders. What was Seungwoo thinking keeping his home so vulnerable? Was he running an insurance scam? Why was Hangyul sleeping in Seungwoo’s bed?

The way he couldn’t lift his head off the pillow reminded him. He was sick. Not just a head cold sick, but he was on the brink of death sick, he was sure of it. He rolled his head over to the side in a haze and noticed the medicine on a plate on the nightstand with a piece of paper that looked like a note. He wiggled himself free and grabbed the page and saw that it was just a smiley face. He grumbled and took the medicine Seungwoo had left for him and went back to sleep.

A few hours later he woke again, feeling a little better from the medicine, but not well enough to leave just yet. His phone was dead, and Seungwoo didn’t keep a clock in his room so he had no idea what time it was or even what day it was. But he had to pee, so it didn’t matter if it was Monday or Thursday.

On his way back from the bathroom, his wobbly weak legs forgot where the bedroom was, and he ended up in the main part of the house.

“Hello?” He called out, his voice weak and shaky from the illness that overcame his skillful thieving body.

“Hangyul?” Seungwoo called out. “I’m in the kitchen.”

He stumbled his way through the house and found Seungwoo in a red apron leaning over a pot on the stove, stirring the contents with a ladle. He was sure if his nose worked, he would have been drawn in by the smell of something delicious, but instead it looked like a man boiling his own laundry.

“Oh, good, you’re awake,” he said, setting his ladle to the side. “I was worried I was going to have to call for an ambulance or something.”

“I was asleep,” he said, groggy and stuffy.
“Sit down, the soup is done,” he ordered.

“I don’t want any soup,” Hangyul grumbled, taking his seat at the table.

“I’ll let you steal the spoon if it makes you feel better,” he said with a smile that made Hangyul furious.

“It doesn’t count if you let me,” he said.

“It doesn’t? I wouldn’t know, I’m immune to crime.”

Hangyul groaned and set his head on the table. This was so frustrating, he could scream.

“Here you go,” he said cutely. “If you eat this, you’ll be able to breathe again.”

Hangyul lifted his head and peered at the cloudy broth with bits of what he assumed were plants and chicken floating around. He frowned. “What’s in it?”

“Not important,” Seungwoo said cheerful, sauntering out.

“Aren’t you going to eat any?” Hangyul forced himself to shout.

“I’m not sick,” he called back.

“Where are you going?” He shouted, not wanting to eat alone. He sat up in his chair with his hands folded in his lap like he was waiting for permission to eat. Seungwoo didn’t answer, but instead he heard voices, and the hair on the back of his neck stood up. That bastard had called the police! But his normally agile legs were too wobbly to run from the coppers! “I am not going to jail like this.”

He looked around the room in a panic, but there was nowhere to hide. There wasn’t even a window to crawl through. He was screwed! He had to think fast.

“Hangyul?” Seungwoo asked when he returned to the kitchen. “Where did you go?”

“I’m not falling for your tricks,” he said from under the table. “I know you called the police.”

“I didn’t call the police,” he said, surprised. “I did ordered myself some chicken, though.”

He shook the bag for emphasis.

“Chicken?” Hangyul poked his head out.

“Can I eat?” Seungwoo asked.

“I guess,” he said.

“Are you going to sit back at the table, or do you want me to put the bowl down on the floor for you like a cat?”

“No,” Hangyul grumbled, crawling out from under the table. He took his seat, and Seungwoo grabbed a beer and a bottle of orange juice before sitting at the table. He set the orange juice down in front of Hangyul who pouted. “I’m an adult, you know…”

“I know, but you need to drink this to feel better.”

He grumpily unscrewed the cap and accepted the juice he could barely taste. “Thanks.”
“Eat up,” he said before opening up his own bounty. Hangyul’s eyes sparkled. It was the crispiest chicken he had ever seen in his life, and he could practically taste it. He looked back at his suspicious bowl of broth and longed for the savory, salty crunch a human needed to survive. “You can have a piece if you finish your soup.”

Hangyul whined. “Come on…”

“It’s only fair,” he said as he pulled off a piece of skin, and the glistening snap almost made Hangyul drool into his soup. He watched him slip it into his mouth in what felt like slow motion and bite down with a loud crunch that gave him chills. Hangyul smacked his lips together, subconsciously, in a daze. “Don’t look at me like that. I spent all afternoon on your soup!”

Hangyul closed his eyes, and the corners of his mouth tugged downwards in despair.

“No soup, no chicken,” he said.

“Fine,” Hangyul wailed. He brought a quivering spoonful of broth to his lips and tasted it. It was terrible and not food for humans at all. In fact, it probably wouldn’t even work as fertilizer. He grimaced, and to make matters worse, he heard the fizz of a freshly opened beer. This was torture.

“What are you having fun?”

“Yes,” Seungwoo smiled.

“You know this isn’t good, right?”

“Yep,” he said, cheerful. “That’s why I’m eating chicken.”

“Then why are you making me— because you’re not sick. Got it.”

“That’s right,” he wrinkled his nose.

Hangyul couldn’t believe this. He was in hell, and the devil was his actual real life nemesis. And his real life nemesis wouldn’t let him have any chicken.

A couple of days later, Hangyul was feeling better, at least enough to go home. He returned to his own neighborhood and waited a few days before returning to the harsh cold of the streets where he hunted only one prey.

Seungwoo.

It didn’t matter that the man had only just nursed him back to life, he still had a mission, and that mission was to commit a crime against the uncrimable. He was going to prove for once and for all that Seungwoo was not immune to crime.

He started where it all began— in his own neighborhood. He knew Seungwoo took the bus from that side of town, and he knew he rode it all the way home so that gave Hangyul a decent window of time to commit a crime.

He waited in the shadows until he saw a familiar face approach. He was bobbing his head along to music in his own little world. Perfect. All Hangyul had to do was follow him.

He sneaked after him towards the bus, slipping his hand into his pocket to steal whatever waited for him inside. It felt like paper, and his heart raced. Money! If it was even a single bill, his
pickpocketing attempt was going to be successful and he would be free at last. He pulled the item out, careful not to draw attention to himself and wrapped his palm around it. Once he was a few steps away, he opened his hand to find... cough drops. *What?*

“What is this,” Hangyul demanded.

“In case you’re still sick,” Seungwoo said, shrugging.

“How did you know...”

“I didn’t, but because I’m immune to crime, you weren’t going to get anything out of there that I didn’t want you to have anyway.”

Hangyul huffed.

“This is stupid,” he sniffled, fighting off his runny nose.

“So give up,” he leaned in, his voice low. Was this flirting? It felt like flirting. Hangyul hadn’t considered that to be an option, but there he was, heart racing, frozen, ready to throw himself at his arch nemesis.

“No,” he said, his voice cracking. “Not until I prove you’re not immune.”

Seungwoo stood back up straight and hummed. “Guess you’re going to have to get a normal job then.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because how else are you going to pay your bills if you’re following me around all day,” he said.

“I do not follow you around all day!”

“Just the evenings then?” Seungwoo asked.

“Not... every evening,” Hangyul said, suddenly ashamed. Maybe he did need a job.

“Come on, let’s go get a bite to eat and discuss your future career path,” Seungwoo smiled.

Hangyul didn’t have the strength to argue with him. “Okay, but you’re buying.”

“Of course,” he said, leading the way.

“What do you mean *of course*?” Hangyul scurried after him. “Slow down! Your legs are too long!”

“Walk faster,” Seungwoo called back, unbothered. Hangyul frowned. He really was annoying.

He had to skip a few steps to catch up with him, and he grabbed his arm out of instinct to slow him down. That was fine and all, but why did he, he wondered, slide his hand down the fabric of his coat and take Seungwoo’s? Even though they were both wearing gloves, it sent a shiver through him and warmed him despite the weather. Seungwoo gave him a gentle squeeze for affirmation, and he thought he was going to choke. This wasn’t how the night was supposed to go at all.

But Seungwoo slowed down, and he no longer struggled to keep up with him. They were strolling comfortably off to dinner, and as Hangyul sucked on the cough drop he had unsuccessfully stolen, he realized that to his surprise, they were probably on a date. It felt like a date, if he, a person handsome enough to date all the time, knew what one was.
Oh man.

At least it felt nice. It felt better than hiding out in the cold waiting for him to get home and worrying that something had happened to him.

Oh no.

It felt better than chasing off other potential burglars from breaking into his house and stealing his things.

Wait.

It felt better than stealing, but not stealing from Seungwoo felt better than anything.

He closed his eyes tight and bit back a scream. What had he gotten himself into?

“Lee Hangyul!” A voice thundered from behind causing his whole body to tense.

Seungwoo stopped to see who it was, assuming they would be greeting one of Hangyul’s acquaintances, but he was no friend of his. Hangyul yanked him along with him. “Keep your head down.”

“Friend of yours?” Seungwoo said, looking over his shoulder.

“Not exactly,” he said, quietly. “We need to go.”

“I thought I told you not to come around here anymore,” the voice called out, and Hangyul heard the sound of metal scraping the pavement. A tire iron. The man’s weapon of choice. “In fact, if I remember correctly, I told you to get out of town weeks ago.”

Hangyul quickened his pace, and Seungwoo, who had also heard the scary metal noise, hurried up with him. He would be fine, though. He was immune to crime. Hangyul, on the other hand, was due a few broken ribs.

“Who is that,” Seungwoo asked.

Hangyul took a breath. The man following them was a minor gang boss that worked the streets harassing food vendors and picking up gambling debts. Unfortunately, Hangyul owed him money, and he did not like the way he had offered to pay him back. He explained as much as he could as they hurried away, but a few other crooks and criminals spilled out into the streets. They were surrounded.

“He’s a man I swore I would never face again,” Hangyul said, his words weighted and theatrical. “Kim. Ji. Gook.”

“Kimchi guk?” Seungwoo asked, surprised.

“Yeah.”

“Like the soup?”

“No, like the guy who’s going to kick our asses if we don’t get out of here,” he hissed.

“Does he come with a Kim Banchan?” Seungwoo snickered.

“Is this a good time,” Hangyul asked exasperated.
“Sorry,” Seungwoo mumbled.

“Come here, kid, I just wanna talk,” he laughed. “I’m not gonna bite ya.”

“I’m sorry, you must have the wrong person,” Hangyul shouted over his shoulder as he hurried away. “I don’t want any trouble!”

As they approached the street corner, two thugs armed with tools stepped out, and Hangyul and Seungwoo froze.

“You need to run,” Hangyul warned him.

“They’ll turn you into dog food,” he said.

“Yeah, but you don’t need to see it,” he mumbled. “Just get out of here.”

“Nah, he’s not going anywhere,” one of the thugs said. “I like that watch you’ve got.”

“Thanks,” Seungwoo said, stepping back.

“Give it to me,” he said.

Hangyul noticed a shaky hand go to his wrist and unfasten the watch.

“I thought you said you were immune to crime,” he said, his voice high pitched and desperate.

“I was kidding,” Seungwoo said, mimicking his own fear.

“What do you mean you were kidding?!”

“Is now a good time to talk about this,” Seungwoo asked, his eyes wild and afraid.

“Can you love birds work this out later,” the thug said.

“Sorry, mister,” Seungwoo said. “Listen, I was wondering if you could take a look at something for me.”

“Yeah?” The thug said, curious if not baffled.

“There’s something wrong with my watch. You see when the little hand gets here it stops–,” he said before slapping the metal watch in the guy’s face, busting his nose. “Run!”

He didn’t have to tell Hangyul twice. They booked it off to the side, taking off down the street at full speed, and Hangyul thanked the gods that the road wasn’t slick from snow.

“How can you not be immune,” he cried out as they ran.

“Maybe you just suck at crime,” Seungwoo shouted, jumping in between two parked cars to cross the street.

“What about that guy!”

“Maybe he just sucks at crime too!”

“I can’t believe this!”

“Do you wanna talk or do you wanna run,” Seungwoo shouted.
“Running’s good!”

They took off, running like hell away from an army of low level gang members armed with tire irons, crowbars, hammers, and anything else one could pick up at the home improvement store. At one point he worried they were going to get separated as they ran down two different streets, but for their safety, that was probably for the best. He sprinted down the hill, almost tripping over his feet, but once he got to the bottom, he saw Seungwoo who flagged him over. He pulled him into a ramen shop that wasn’t lit well from the outside. They had escaped.

“They’re going to be looking for us,” Hangyul said, out of breath.

“Then I guess we’ll just have to stay here for a few hours,” he smiled, unbothered. “We can call a ride to pick us up later. They know where you live, right? You can stay at my place for a while until they lose interest.”

“Stay at your place?” Hangyul asked, flustered. “I don’t know if I could…”

“You’ve been staying there almost every day this week,” Seungwoo pointed out. “And tomorrow is my day off, and I’d rather spend it with you on purpose than waiting to find out if a bunch of criminals cut your kidneys out.”

“You shouldn’t worry about people who try to rob you,” he said, shy.

“Well, that wasn’t going to happen, now was it,” Seungwoo smirked.

Whether or not Seungwoo was really immune to crime was up for debate, but what Hangyul was sure of was that he had somehow managed to steal his heart.

End Notes

sorry about that last line

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